#### A MIDNIGHT ROBBER

THIS PIONEER THIEF DID HIS WORK SILENTLY AND WELL

The Plunder That So Mysteriously Disappeared Was Eventually Recovered, but the Criminal Was Too Canning a Chap to Be Caught.

Captains of industry have come out of the west as well as the cost. And the great San Joaquin valley of Callfornia has produced its quota. One of the best known of these men was Jasper Harrell, who had his home in Tulare county, but whose business transactions carried him all over the state and into other states as well. No one had a wider acquaintance than Mr. Harrell, for he was one of the very early settlers in that region, and he literaily grew up with the valley. He was an exceedingly popular man, and this was probably one reason why he flourished as a rancher and stockman and amassed a goodly fortune before the close of the nineteenth century. He handled large herds of cattle and was a dealer in and grower of hay and barley to such an extent that he came to be familiarly nicknamed "Barley" Har-

One bright spring day long before the Southern Pacific railroad wound its crooked double line track up and over the Tehachapi mountains from the. great valley into the Mojave desert Mr. Harrell and his father-in-law started from their home in Tulare county to ride on horseback to Los Angeles, a distance of 250 miles at least. But such lengthy journeys were not infrequently undertaken by stockmen and merchants in those anterallroad days in California. The two men stopped overnight wherever twilight caught them, for the country was almost uninhabited.

One night in crossing the Tehachapi range they made their camp in a grove of scrubby oak and brush. Their horses were staked out to graze, and after a meager meal around the campfire the two men arranged their bed for the night. Mr. Harrell had around him a strong, wide buckskin belt in which he carried \$1,000 in gold coin. With this he intended purchasing a number of cattle rated as feeders, and these would then be driven back into the valley and prepared for the markets. Unbuckling his heavy money belt, he threw it on the ground under his saddle, which he always used as a pillow in camping out.

Sweetly and soundly the two men slept, with no thought of harm or hint of danger.

When morning came they arose early built a fire, cooked and ate their breakfast with a relish and then brought up their borses to be saddled and bridled. When Mr. Harrell picked up his saddle he stared at the bare ground and whis-

"Where in Lucifer is that belt and my money?" he exclaimed.

Sure enough, it had disappeared. The camping ground and every article on it were carefully searched, and then every foot of ground within a wide circult was minutely gone over, but not a sign of any belt or money was found. Neither could any tracks of either man or animal be seen. It was a mystery what had become of that money belt, for they were many, many miles from any human habitation, and no one had passed them on the trail for days.

Giving up the search with reluctance, the two men went on south to the end of their journey, but they did not buy any cattle.

About thirteen months later Mr. Harrell and another of his live stock friends made the same horseback trip again. They camped not far from the place where the buckskin belt had been lost on the previous journey. "Right over yonder," said Mr. Har-

rell, showing his friend, "is where I lost \$1,600 in gold when I went through here about a year ago. I'd like to know what became of that pile."

"Let's go over and look around there gain just for fun," suggested his friend.

They did so, and, strange to relate. they accidentally stumbled right over the very spot where the money had been dropped. For over twelve months that heap of twenty dollar gold pieces had been kissed by the grass and flowers, wept upon by the rain and dew. winked at by the stars, smiled at by the moon, inflamed by the sun and fanned by the breezes, yet there they were. apparently unchanged in the least. Though the money had mysteriously disappeared, it was almost as strangely recovered. All of it was found but two

twenty dollar pieces. Here is the explanation: A hungry coyote had passed by the sleeping traveler and had sniffed around till it found the buckskin belt. This was seized and carried off to a safe distance before the animal stopped to chew up the buckskin. On the way two of the coins had dropped from the belt, but the rest of the gold held in place till it was toru from its recesses as the sharp toothed bungry coyote devoured his stolen tidbit - San Francisco Chronicle.

China's Goose Stamp. In China the goose is the symbol of peace, and the picture of a goose appears on some postage stamps. It is said that 140 years before Christ the ruler of what is now China sent a messenger into a foreign land. He never returned and was supposed to here been killed. One day a wild goes is said to have flown into the ruler's castle, and beneath its wing tions a note from the messenger, who told of his trip and the trouble he was experiencing. An army was sent to secus him from his captors, and ever since the goose has been accepted as a sucred bird among Chinamen. This is ton story which goes with the goos on the Chinese stamps.

#### HUGO AND HIS WIFE.

Vehemence of the Author and His

Better Half's Placidity. M. Paul Stapfer in the Mercure de France quotes a fragment of Vietor Hugo's after dinner monologues. The pose of the man accustomed to an ex-

pectation of big utterances, of metaphysical suggestions, is well conveyed in the quotations. Victor Hugo, it is hardly necessary to observe, was distinetly a prophet in his own country as well as abroad. By 9 to the evening, says M. Stapfer, Victor Hugo had warmed to his work. He burst forth:

"How poor, how small, how abourd atheism is! God exists. I am more sure of his existence than I am of my own. If God lends me sufficient length of life I want to write a book showing how necessary to the soul prayer ishow necessary and how efficacious. Personally I never pass four hours without prayer. I pray regularly every morning and evening. If I wake in the night I pray. What do I pray for? Strength. I know what is right and what is wrong, but I realize my imperfections and that of myself I have not the strength to resist evil. God surrounds and upholds us. We are in him. From him we have life, movement, being. All is created by him. But it is not true to say that he has created the world. He creates it unceasingly. He is the soul of the universe. He is the infinite I. He isyou are asleep, Adele!"

The abrupt accusation was hurled at Mrs. Hugo. Since dinner she had been sitting silently in an armchair, rather huddled and drawn up in attitude, her chin resting on her chest, her hands folded on her stomach and her eyelids closed. Her regular breathing had been pleasantly interrupted. Roused abruptly, injured innocence protested vigorously in her manner, "You dear great thing, how could you possibly imagine I should go to sleep while you were

#### TRAVELING IN RUSSIA.

The Sleeping Cars and the Steamers on the Volga.

The sofas of our staterooms on the Volga river steamer, while pleasant enough to sit on, were devoid of the other trappings which in these degenerate days are thought necessary to a night's rest, and we had not yet learned the peculiarities of Muscovite travel.

The old fashioned Russian travels

with his own gear and makes himself comfortable according to his own ideas, and they are by no means narrow. A place to sleep on is provided. The rest he brings. On the Russian sleeping cars those who have not their own bedclothes and who wish to undress and go to bed in the American fashion can have all that is requisite for 50 cents The porter on demand brings a linen sack, whose seal he cuts in your presence with considerable ceremony and from which he produces a pillow, blankets and sheets of beautiful fine linen. This was the system on our boat, and our minds were soon at rest.

I afterward inspected the lower decks of the ship and saw the way the third class passengers were cared for. It was primitive, but clean and wholly suited to the customs of the people Each person was provided with a spotless board shelf to sleep on by night and sit on by day, and he made himself as happy or as uncomfortable as he chose. Most of the passengers seemed to take traveling as a migration, to judge by the pots and kettles, furniture, blankets and clothing stowed about them-"everything but the kitchen stove," that important but dangerous article being replaced by the ship's galley, with its bountiful bot water always ready for the eternal teamaking.-Captain T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., in Scribner's.

Safer Where He Was. The man who had been arrested for having eight wives was awakened by

"Come on, sport. We've got some false keys and unlocked the cell doors, and we're all going to escape."

a fellow prisoner, who hoarsely whis-

"Look here," said the octagamist desperately, "unless you promise me that when you all get out of the jail you will lock the doors carefully again I'll raise a racket and expose your proj-

"Why, what's wrong? Don't you want to escape?"

"Escape! You lock me in here and go on about your business. Don't you know these steel bars are all that separate me from my eight wives?"

The Potato. The circumnavigator Francis Drake has the credit of introducing the potato to Europe, but the Spaniards had brought it with the tomato from the Andes some time before, and it was established there and in Italy, where they called it tartufoli, long before Sir Walter Raleigh shipped his cargo, in 1626, from Virginia to England. According to Humboldt, it has been cultivated in England since 1684, in Saxony since 1728 and since 1738 in Prussia.

How the Trouble Began baby's smart sayings," declared proud Mrs. Noowed. "What do you think would make an appropriate title?" "Borrowed Brightness," suggested

Miss Sulfuric, This was why they stopped speaking. Louisville Courter Journal.

Her Quandary. Jess-I'm in a quandary. Bess-What? Jess-Tom promises to stop gambling if I marry him, and Jack threatens to begin if I den't.-New Yorker,

A slip of the tongue is we that of the foot-Swift

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SHE WAS MISTAKEN.

The Story of a Woman Who Thought

She Told the Truth.

"If you ask me whether we lawyers ever encourage, aid and abet untruthfulness," said an elderly attorney at a dinner recently, "I can only ask as a reply: Does any one know what truth is! Does say men really know when he is telling at? I had a rather curious case once a few years ago. I won't say whether it was a murder or a divorce. but the elearing of my chent, the defendant, depended entirely on his ability to prove that when he walked down a certain corridor of a certain summer hotel he was accompanied by two persons. It happened that he was seen by the housekeeper of the hotel, a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, and she insisted that there were three in the party and not simply two, as the prosecution claimed. It was impossible to shake her testimony, and we carried the day. The housekeeper died a year or so later. I heard it through her priest. He commented on the fact

client what the priest said the next time we met. He smiled. "'She was lying all the while' be said. 'She didn't see three of us, because there were only two," "- Washington Post.

that she had always taken great satis-

faction in the thought that her testi-

mony cleared my client. She was, he

said, and he spoke from a confessor's

knowledge, one of the most truthful

persons he had ever met. I told my

#### CHINESE TRADE GUILDS.

They Pass on All Disputed Question of Labor and Food.

The laborers in China work long hours, and their meals are supplied by the employer. Their food consists of rice, partaken of twice a day, with now and then a few vegetables or pieces of salt fish or pork as a relish. Tea is also furnished to them in unlimited quantifles. They begin work as soon as daylight appears and continue until between 8 and 9 o'clock at night, the recent introduction of kerosene oil lengthening their hours of labor. The workman eats and sleeps in the shop where he is employed.

Not only do the male workers have a trades union or guild of their own, but so also have the employers. To these guilds are referred all disputed questions of labor and food, which, as a rule, are amicably settled. The operatives seem to take it for granted that their employers can properly claim every moment of their time from early morning until night unless about thirty minutes set apart for each meal of rice and vegetables be excepted. When the two guilds fall to arrive at a satisfactory settlement of a dispute the employers simply close up the shops.

Canton boasts of over seventy trades guilds. These guilds have fine halls and spacious courtyards, where their members meet daily and discuss the affairs of their respective trades and other matters.

Why Is Itt Everybody knows how the wheels of a railroad car are fastened to the axle. They are shrunk on-that is, put on hot and allowed to shrink in cooling so that they are practically a solid piece with the axle. These cars go around curves, and it will be observed that the outer rail covers a great deal more ground than the inner one, so that to turn the curves and finish even the outside wheel must of necessity travel considerably faster than the inner one. Yet it is fixed solidly to the axle and cannot make a fraction of a revolution more than the other one, yet the axle remains intact, and the curves are passed with untiring regularity. Why is it?

Secret of Longevity. A London newspåper has been asking number of very old men for the se cret of their long life. The replies are of the sort commonly heard. One lives tong because he has taken wine every day in moderation, another because he has never tasted wine. One finds sovereign virtue in moderate physical exercise; another is convinced that he lives long because he keeps his body quiet and his mind active, all of which means that each man has followed his natural inclination, never exceeded the measure fixed by good sense and really thought little or nothing about it.-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mind Accomplishments. Power to do is largely a result of self faith or self confidence. No matter what you undertake, you will not do it antil you think you can. You will not master it until you first feel the mastery and do the deed in your mind. It must first be thought out or it can never be wrought out. It must be a mind accomplishment before it can be a material one.-Buccess.

Don't Be Too "National," One's nationality is to others a bore and a nuisance which cannot be got out of the way too soon. A man's nationality is something he is justly proud of, but not till it is put aside can the man of another nation have joy of him, humanly, spiritually. - W. D. Howella,

Keeps Them Afred. "Mrs. Chatterbox is an incessant talker, ism't she?"

"Yes; she says that a person's opinions get musty if they aren't aired often."—Detroit Free Press.

It Sometimes Patie. "There's nothing like perseverance. It wins out in the long run." "Not always. Did you ever see a hen on a porcelain egg?"—Brooklyn Life.

A Bit of Good Advice. One of the best things to do before we criticise others much is to begin an intelligent study of ourselves,-Chi-

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Proposals for Street Improvements. Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Town Clerk of the Town of Bioomfield, N. J., until M. uday, April 3, 1905, at 8 P. M., for the construction of a 4 ft. blue stone sidewalk on the West side of Grange Street between Bloomfield Avenue and Dodd Street. The price bid must include all necessary grading or filling as shown on profile and map. Also all material and labor use 1 in carrying out and completing the entire work. The following is the approximate quantity: 3600 square feet of blue stone flagging. Plaus and specifications may be seen at the office of Ernest Baechlin, Town Surveyor, National Bank Puthting, Bloomfield, N. J. Each bid must be accompanied with a certified cheque for \$50, drawn to the order of the Town of Bloomfield, as a guarantee of good faith of the bidder. The Town Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Each proposal must be sealed and endorsed Orange Street Improvement Proposal" and addressed to Wm. L. Johnson Town Clerk.

Fown Clerk.

By order of the Town Council, WM. L. JOHNSON. Town Clerk.

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